

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "The Art Of Getting Jumped"

I WAS..

*[Pos]*

.. on my way, to the disco  
You know the club, Maseo was rockin rub that night  
Midnight to four, name at the door  
but the whole crew I can get in as well  
So I got on my cell, called my nigga C. Smith  
Let this be a jam that we need not miss  
"Yeah I'm already en route," no doubt  
Might even jump up on the mic  
to make sure that this party's turned out  
And we some punctual types, on time, look for the line  
to stand we find girls screamin the blues  
Miscellaneous shoes everywhere  
"Yo Mase, what happened here?"  
("Go Brooklyn!") Yo Brooklyn, y'all know the rules  
Bump [?] people and out come the tools  
Ain't been a fair fight since the creation of crews  
and that's why them dudes hearts all pumped  
Done closed the club down,  
cause one of they niggaz got jumped  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Uh-huh, you heard the hook  
No matter you Braveheart or shook  
You can catch a bottle from the right, tap to the left  
Kicks to the mids reliev'in you of breath  
I seen it done sloppy, seen it organized  
Some saw it comin and for others it was SURPRISE  
Catch a swollen eye and blood loss, courtesy of the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Dove]*

Yo! When they put the contracts out, bats and chairs included  
Chicks can get into it - 'specially pretty broads  
My New York City dawgs seem to master the art  
When you hear the ("WHOO!") that's when the bullshit'll start  
It only takes a second less you got on ice  
Just for wearin your chain in they club, they'll beat you twice  
Served with fried rice, you get a can of whoop ass  
My only advice is don't fall and book ass  
For the nigga who slip, don't fall in a position  
where your lip'll catch a hickie (girl they'll fuck your mascara)  
Shoot, go and ask Tara, just for havin good hair  
man they left her ass cute, pulled it dead out the roots (ARRRGH!!)  
It's never one or two of 'em, they headin out in troops

Timbos, hoodies loose over jumpsuits  
Waitin for the first vic to disrespect  
Catch a double-dutch rope around your neck in the midst of the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Pos]*

It's schematically plotted out to break hearts and bodies  
and ya best believe we came to party  
Don't cause trouble but still can find double the crew  
against you and your peeps and leap-like-frogs on ya  
for reasons like - not in the right part of town  
actin like you wore a crown  
Some occasions long and mean to earn the right  
to throw signs wearin only one color scheme  
And bein positive is no exclusion  
That's an illusion - you can still catch contusions  
for flossin your hard-earned shine  
I'm talkin games *[?]* the longest  
then it's some other niggaz time  
You'll get beat out of your mind just for rage  
Shit my black ass almost got pulled off stage  
Just for holdin it down on the mic, you could be talkin,  
"Black people unite," and still catch a lump from the  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!  
Jump, jump, jump to it!

*[Maseo]*

Yo, it's this joint, called the art of getting jumped  
We had to put this one on the album y'know?  
Yeah - this is dedicated  
to them punk motherfuckers out in Germany  
That Turkish gang that jumped me up in the fuckin club  
Tried to knock me senseless  
They just couldn't get me though  
That's why I second round outside on 'em  
Pull out some fuckin guns - punk bastards  
and that's why my ass was hidin under the bridge (HAHAHAHA)